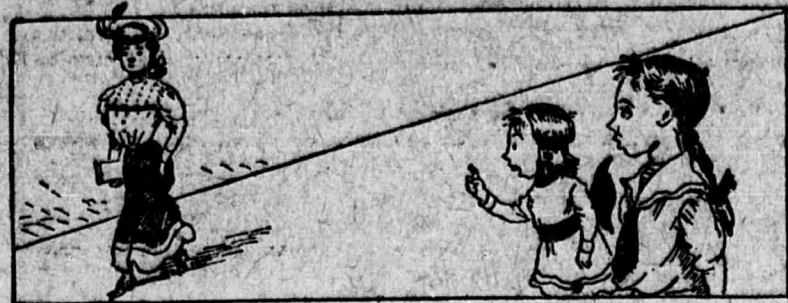


"Gertie"—No. 2.

By Roy L. McCardell.

DON'T you speak to Celia Ryan?" asked Hattie Silverberg, who was naturally of an inquisitive disposition. "You and she was all the time playing jacks on the steps last summer."

"She's wearing long dresses now, and she thinks she's grown up," said Gertie. "She is only a year older than me."



"She looked like as if she had no mean feelings for you," said Hattie, who was of a peaceful disposition. "Gus Schaffer rides around in her big brother's express wagon, but she comes home from the dancing academy with my cousin Abe."

"What do I care about her or Gus Schaffer?" replied Gertie. "My mother don't allow me to have beaux or wear long dresses."

"Then why are you mad by Celia?" asked the persistent Hattie. "So soon as your mother lets you have a feller and wear long dresses you won't play jacks on the steps any more, will you?"

"I don't ever intend to have a feller," said Gertie. "They are too fresh. But when I am sixteen I will wear long dresses, and then I won't play jacks any more, because young ladies only play the piano, and I'm mad with Celia Ryan because she called me a snip and laughed at me for dancing a two-step with you when the street piano was playing 'Tumany!' It wasn't none of her business!"

"She's awful proud because she gets four dollars a week in the cigarette factory, and she gets home earlier than my sister what is working in Mr. Goldstein's pearl button shop," said Hattie, all the feminine instinct to criticize her sex precociously coming to the surface.

The Moon.

The moon rode high within the sky,
And held her breath as though in death
At her procession splendid.

Above the line of cedars fine
Athen and maiden viewed her,
And eyes grew soft as there aloft
The spoonful eyes pursued her!

The influence was sure immense,
Their attitude did show it;
He murmured: "How enchanting now!"
She: "What's your favorite poet?"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Everybody Works for the Captain

By G. O. McGill



The Girl from Kansas.

By Alice Robe.

"YES, Daisy's elevating the stage," said the girl from Kansas. "In the chorus? Of course not! She's one of the eight little Panics who support the prima donna in all her big hits. You say that's just the same as the chorus. Well, I guess not. Why, she has lived to speak. Of course all the girls speak them at the same time, but then it elevates her above the ranks of the common chorus."

"Anyway, the stage manager has promised Daisy a little part for next season. That's the old song, you say? Well, I wonder. He's promised every girl in the chorus the same thing, but when Daisy spoke to him about it he said, perfectly lovely. Yes, I know, my dear, I have promised them all



something, but I really mean it, when I tell it to you. The girl who stands next to Daisy said to her she was too nice a girl to be on the stage. I wish you could see her. It does seem a pity to tear her away from home and mother, but father's got a big pull somewhere, so of course Violetta couldn't be pushed away from the footlights."

"The girl who stands on the other side's been in the chorus for twelve years. She was a bright little thing, she says, when she first went on, but she's got an awful strained, nervous expression on her face now. She says it's all come from looking for that little part the stage manager promised to give her when she first joined the profession."

MAMMA'S BOY

By F. G. Long

He Forgets to Wait for Papa



He'd Like to Try.

Jim Johnson made a lucky strike About a year or two ago. He was a man I used to like. Before his head expanded so. It's easier larger than his hat. And now he holds it pretty high. I don't think I would act like that. But then I've had no chance to try. Tom Smith's wealthy uncle died. That fellow wasn't satisfied. To spend it at a decent rate. He threw the dollars left and right—He burned 'em. I don't think that I would be a spendthrift, though I might. I never had a chance to try. A dozen men that I have known Have gone entirely to the bad. By getting rich, and I have grown To think that wealth is something sad. And yet, I'm sure my sterling sense Its influence would defy. I'd use it with intelligence. I'd like to have a chance to try.

—Chicago News.

HEART AND HOME PAGE FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

MECHANICAL MASSAGE TO KEEP THE FACE YOUTHFUL.

An Easy and Practical Method for Cleansing the Pores and Removing the Debilitated Tissue That Causes Wrinkles.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

EVERYTHING we have to do in this time and labor-saving age, must be made easy, easier, easiest. Well, here is the very latest, very simplest and very easiest massage instrument.

To tell the truth, it looks for all the world like a small bicycle pump, with a suction cup attached. We all know that the suction cup is most beneficial for bringing the blood to the surface and in consequence nourishing the attenuated tissue beneath, which latter is the primary cause of wrinkles.

It is an instrument which every woman can use by herself. She should first soften the skin by applying cloths wrung out in hot water to the face and letting them remain on for several minutes. The face is then dried with a soft towel and a good cream is rubbed on. You may have a cold cream that agrees with you; with use that. Cold cream disagrees with many skins. If it makes the skin rough try a little sweet almond oil perfumed with a drop or two of attar of roses. Now pass the suction cup over the face, working from the middle of the chin upward, to the hair line and continuing the upward and outward progress.

The wrinkles around the eyes are treated with an oblique cup, instead of the usual round one. This fits the eye much better. You will be surprised to



Beauty Hints.

Good Complexion.
TEND to preserve a good complexion never wash the face with hard water. If natural soft water cannot be obtained throw a little soda in the water used.

For Toothache.
TARTARUM—Boiling vinegar to hot as can be borne to the gum and cavity of an aching tooth will allay the pain. Use a bit of absorbent cotton to push the tooth cavity and apply until relief is obtained.

Scorch for Beauty.
D.—Heat plenty of speck, it does as a tonic and a beautifier. Heat it in a frying pan until it is very hot, then pour it over the face and neck. It will scorch the skin and make it very red, but it will also make it very white and smooth.

The Housewife's Exchange.

THE Housewife's Exchange is intended for those in doubt. Two hands are always better than one, but here we are going to put all our heads together, for each housekeeper is asked to contribute her wits to this department and to give all the rest in the benefit of her experience, or to ask for that of others.

Address all letters for this department to "Housewife's Exchange," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City.

An Umbrella Hint.
Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have found that my umbrella was broken when I was out. It was broken at the handle, and I was very sorry. I have found that my umbrella was broken when I was out. It was broken at the handle, and I was very sorry.

Grape Juice.
Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have found that my umbrella was broken when I was out. It was broken at the handle, and I was very sorry.

A Bath for Pets.
Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have found that my umbrella was broken when I was out. It was broken at the handle, and I was very sorry.

Betty's Balm for Lovers.

Smoking Keeps Men Amiable.
Dear Betty: THERE is a young man I am interested in. I have asked him not to smoke. Do you think that too personal?

Yes, I do. Smoking soothes a man's nerves and makes him more amiable. If you expect to marry him don't furnish him ammunition for a quarrel at the start.

A Strange Fiancee.
Dear Betty: I AM engaged to a young lady, but she has taken a dislike to me. Would I better break the engagement or try to win back her love?

J. P.

I would ask her to explain the reason of her dislike. Possibly you only imagine she dislikes you. If she says she

A Desperate Young Man.
Dear Betty: I AM seventeen. A young man is constantly following me and asking me to go with him. I do not care for him, and have told him so more than once. He now tells me if I do not go with him he will kill himself. I would like to get rid of him, but I don't want to harm him.

M. C.

Don't worry. He will kill himself. Tell him again you wish to have nothing to do with him, and if that does not answer have your parents speak to him.

Queries for this department should be addressed to "Betty," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify what wanted.